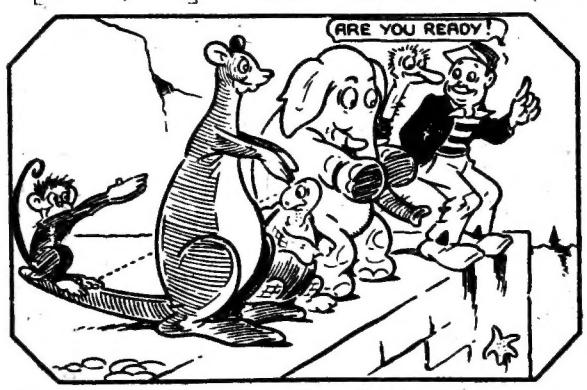
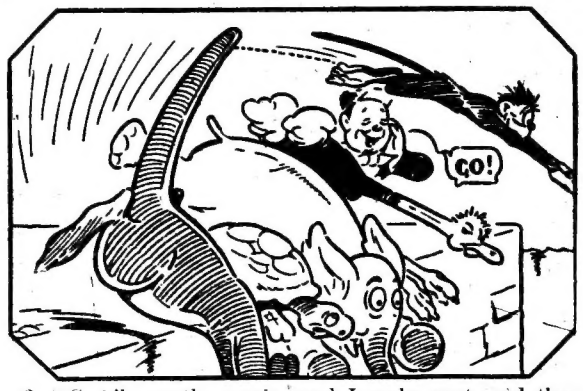
COMIC CUTS 1½D. BRIGHT, BREEZY, AND BRACING! C 12-8-22

Comic Cuts SEASIDE HOLIDAY No 1½d

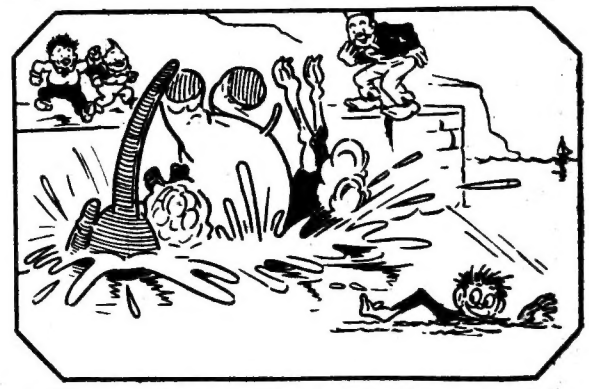
[No. 1,683.] THE ADVENTURES OF JOLLY TOM, THE MERRY MENAGERIE MAN. [AUGUST 12, 1922.]



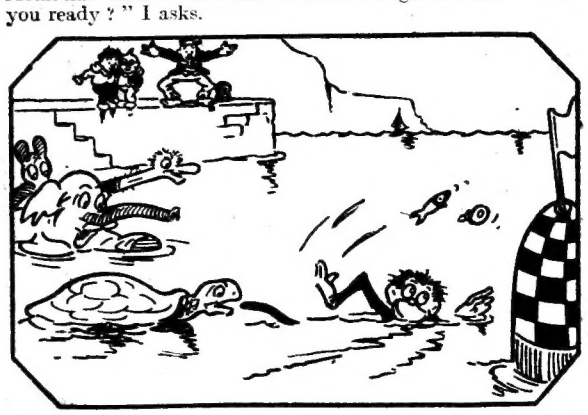
1. Dear Mr. Editor,—Being Bank Holiday in these parts, I decided to give the animiles their annual, and make a swimming match of it at the same time. Anything for a bit of sport. So I lined 'em up, not noticing that Micky Monk had taken a back seat on Katie Kangaroo's tail. "Are you ready?" I asks.



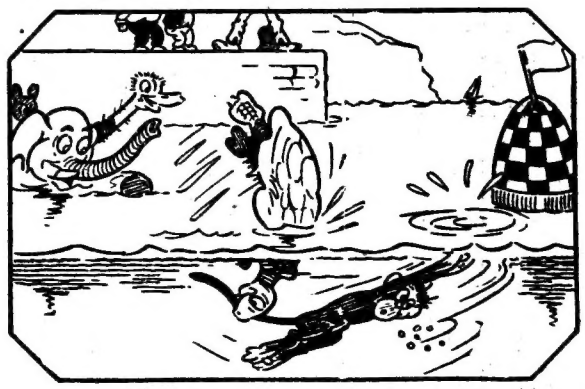
2. "Go!" was the magic word I spoke next, and they went. There wasn't a pin to choose between them, if they had been choosing pins. "Be sporting! Play the game!" I shouted. "Remember that the eyes of the world, and the bad lad who is reading this through the shop-window without buying a copy, are upon you!"



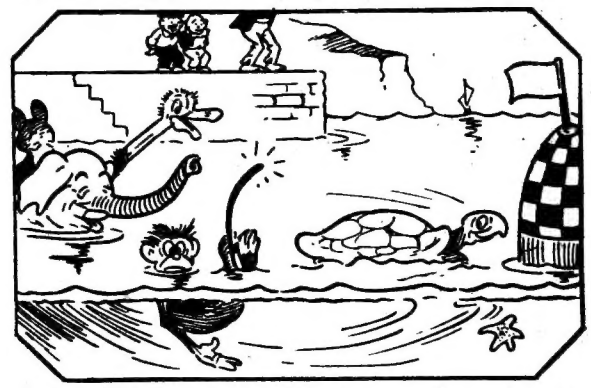
3. Of course, thanks to Katie's tail, Micky got a flying start. "Come back!" I cried to him. "It's not fair to the others. If everybody stood on everybody else's tail where should we be?" But Micky, the young rascal, took no notice; I might just as well have been speaking to a brick wall, or a railway porter who has just closed the gate.



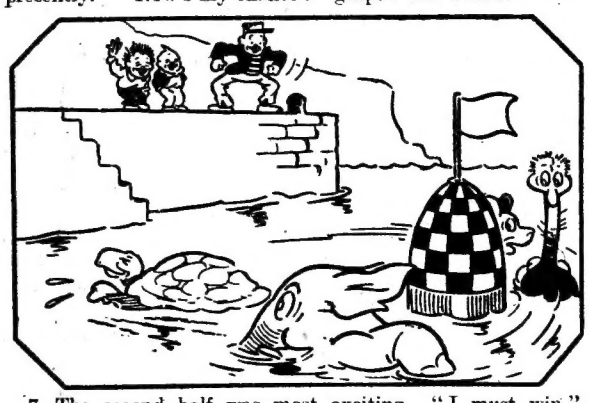
4. On nearing the distance Micky was leading. He had to swim round a buoy. A buoy is a funny thing with a check costume, more like a girl than a boy. You'll see one presently. "Now's my chance!" gasped Tim Turtle.



5. Tim grabbed Micky by the tail and made him get out and get under—turn turtle, as a matter of fact. "Cheats never prosper!" spluttered Tim. "I may be slow, but I am steady—aye, and ready, boys, ready!" So on he went.

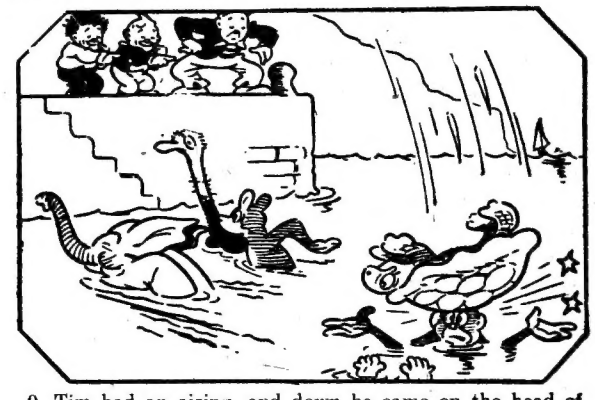


6. Poor Micky was fairly left in the cart—the water-cart, if you get my meaning, sir, while Tim went sailing merrily on. Yes, that turtle taught us what swimming was. "Now for Tattenham Corner!" I thinks, absent-minded like.



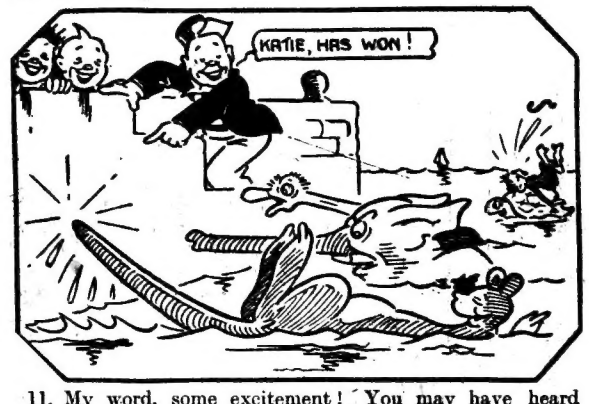
7. The second half was most exciting. "I must win," puffed Jolly Jumbo, "or the old dome will go to the hogs—I mean, the old home will go to the dogs! My honour is at chop—nunno, stake! I won't waste any more breath in talking!"

8. Then Jumbo played a scurvy trick on Tim Turtle. He stuck his trunk under water and gave Tim a back stroke. "Well, I'm blowed!" gasped Tim, which was true in every sense of the word, if you will observe, sir. Water power is a wonderful thing.

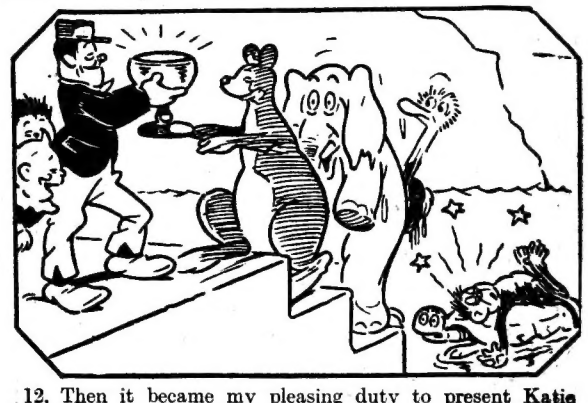


9. Tim had an airing, and down he came on the head of Micky Monk. "Corks! There'll be another insurance claim paid to-morrow!" gasped the monk. "I hope the news-agent kept my name and address." And with those prophetic words on his lips he retired from the race.

10. A ding-dong finish, sir, now ensued between Olly, Katie, and Jumbo. "I don't care who wins," I cried, "for you've nearly all been cheating!" "The prize is mine!" gasped Jumbo. "Perhaps they'll put my photo in the papers!"



11. My word, some excitement! You may have heard of wins by head, neck, or nose, but never by a tail, Mr. Editor. That's what Katie did. She called "Tails!" and touched the pier first. "Katie wins!" I cried.



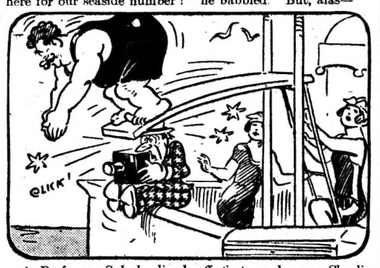
12. Then it became my pleasing duty to present Katie with the cup. "You'll take a cup of kindness yet, for the sake of old lang syne," we all sang, with doings, at the close of a perfect day.—Yours swimmingly JOLLY TOM.

CLICK, OUR SPORTING CAMERA MAN.

1. "Ahem! The season has commenced!" chirped our sporty camera-man, on catching sight of the bathing belles on the pier. Then he read the notice-board, and at once decided to take a few snapshots.

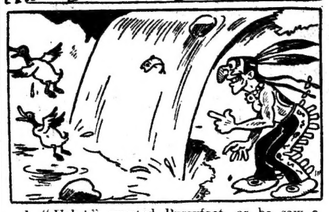
2. "Gee-whizz! I must take up a good position for this!" said Charlie. And he occupied a front seat under the diving-board specially reserved for the Press.

3. "I shall be able to get some charming snaps from here for our seaside number!" he babbled. But, alas—

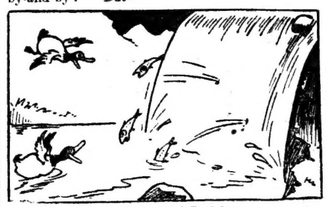


4. Professor Splash dived off first, and poor Charlie suffered a total eclipse. The girls tittered merrily, and Click nearly went off the deep end about it.

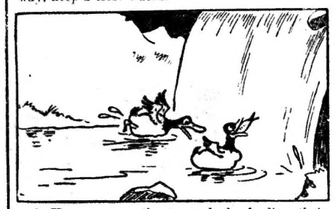
PUSSYFOOT THE REDSKIN



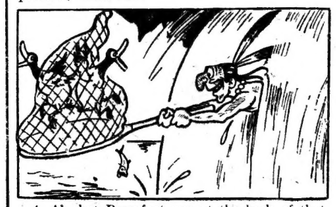
1. "Ugh!" grunted Pussyfoot, as he saw a couple of wild ducks rise. "Indian catch them by-and-by!" But—



2. Exactly how our artful Redskin proposes to bag them we can't explain in this picture. Anyway, keep a close watch.



3. Here you see the same ducks feeding their beaks at the waterfall. Everything looks quite peaceful, doesn't it?



4. Ah, but Pussyfoot was at the back of that waterfall, and, popping out, he netted both those ducks before they had time to give a last quack.

What paper is this young lady reading? Ah, thereby hangs a "tale." Anyhow, we admire her choice almost as much as her pigtail.

CAPTAIN COD
VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

1. Captain Cod got himself up like a fourpenny bambone at Bank Holiday, and strutted about the deck like a prize peacock much to the envy of his little cabin-boys who had been ordered to stay aboard and scrub decks when they put into port.

3. Well, as soon as the boat was safely berthed, the skipper strolled in to have a final look at his handsome features before going ashore. But just as he peeped into the mirror the boys pushed up the mop—

2. So, to get their own back, the little imps plotted a dark scheme for revenge. "We'll soon take some of the starch out of him!" said Billy, as he took the skipper's looking-glass out of its frame. "Not-half!" replied Jimmy.

4. With the above astonishing result. "Help! My whiskers have all turned green!" gasped the skipper. "I must have caught seaweeditis! Put me to bed somebody, quick!" Didn't hose bad lads laugh, eh? "Ho, ho, ho!"

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

1. Pansy Pancake's pet policeman went for his holidays last week, and left our comical cook a cabinet portrait of his handsome features as a keepsake. Now, an unemployed burglar overheard the bobby saying good-bye.

3. And then beat a retreat as the man walked in. "Oo'er! It's a burglar!" gasped Pansy in her fright. And she nearly screamed. But she noticed her reflection in the mirror, and, with wonderful courage and marvellous presence of mind—

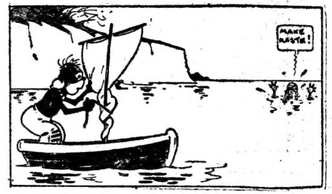
WHO MAKES THE TARTS

2. She planned to break into our cook's premises. "Hark! What's that!" panted Pansy, when she heard him opening the door of the servants' hall with his skeleton-key. The coast puts back up—

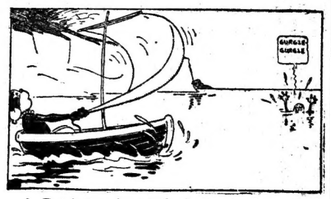
4. She started to kiss the constable's portrait, as depicted aloft. The burglar saw the reflection of what he took to be the boy in the mirror. "Wow! He must have only gone away for the day!" he gasped. "I'm off!" And away went. Bravo, Pansy!

CHUTNEY AND Mickey the Monkey Nut.

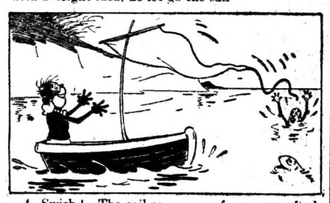
1. Chutney and his pet were paddling at the seaside on Bank-Holiday, when all of a sudden Mickey got out of his depth and started yelling for help.



2. "Keep cool!" cried Chutney, jumping aboard a sailing-boat and unfurling the canvas. "Me soon come to de rescue!"



3. But just as he got the boat going he noticed Mickey was sinking for the second time, so, struck with a bright idea, he let go the sail—



4. Swish! The sail-rope was, of course, wafted in Mickey's direction, and that's how he got saved in the nick of time. What a bit of luck!

Mamma Ostrich (burying her head in the sand): "Children, how many times must I tell you to come in out of the rain?"

WADDLES OUR WHIMSICAL WAITER.

1. "Not a drain left!" muttered Waddles, the waiter, as he gazed into the empty space inside the bottle. "What a thirsty lot!" Now there was a fair being held at the back of Rissole's Restaurant.

2. And just then a cokernut flew through a hole in the canvas of the shie, and caught the bottom of the bottle a mighty smack, driving it home tightly on to Waddles' nose.

3. Our waiter had the fright of his life, and rushed out on the fair ground, yelling "Help!" Now two or three comrades of the Great War happened to be shooting at bottles just then, and—

4. Bang! A stray shot, as luck would have it, caught Waddles' bottle fair and square, smashing it to smithereens, and Waddles' nose was released. Hooray!

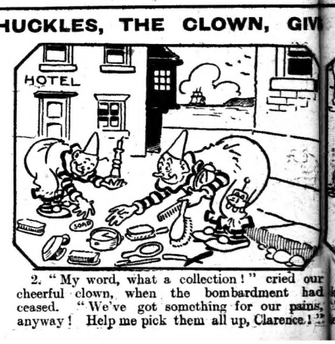
106—NOT OUT!

1. "Now, Willie," said Uncle Ned, "this is a very old historical spot, so while I read, you may roam about and see if you can collect any ancient historical relics."

2. And in about ten minutes Willie returned with the most ancient relic he could find—107 next birthday! Was Uncle Ned pleased? Well, we should shay sho!

CHUCKLES, THE CLOWN, GIVES THE TRIPPERS A TREAT!

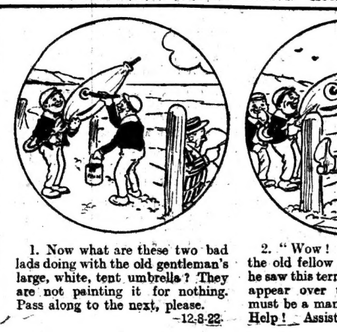
1. Chuckles and his little understudy were putting in a bit of overtime and singing for their suppers. But the hard-hearted hotel folk didn't admire their voices a bit.



2. "My word, what a collection!" cried our cheerful clown, when the bombardment had ceased. "We've got something for our pains, anyway! Help me pick them all up, Clarence!"

3. And early on Bank Holiday morning the clever pair rushed off to the beach and got busy. This is a saucy wheeze!" chortled Chuckles, as they cut an old hollow log into rings.

4. Then they laid their collection on the sand-bunker and started in business. "Roll up and bowl up, gents!" they cried. "All you ring you have! Who says a game of hoopla?"



1. Now what are these two bad lads doing with the old gentleman's large, white, tent umbrella? They are not painting it for nothing. Pass along to the next, please.

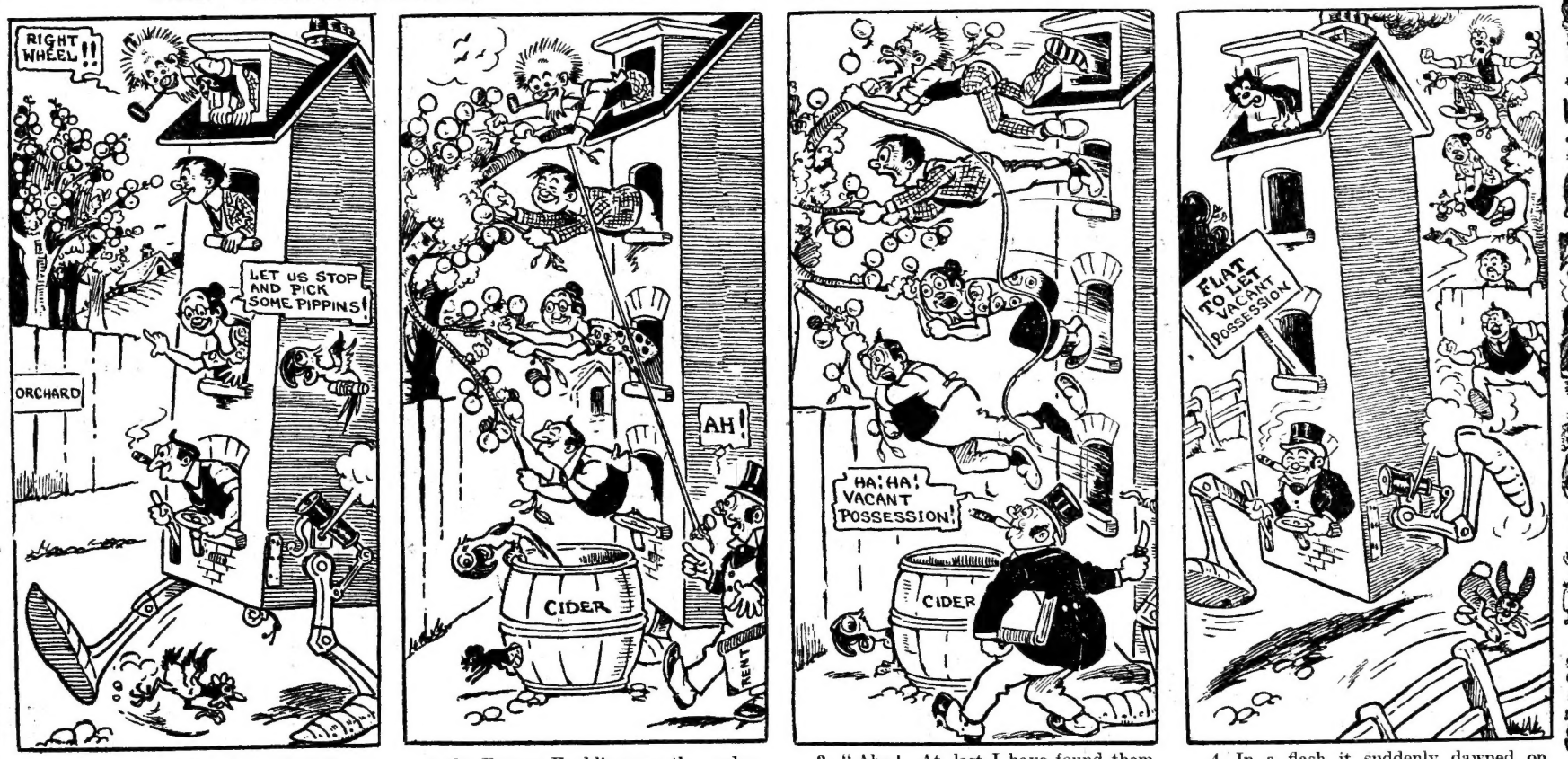
2. "Wow! Help!" screamed the old fellow a moment later, as he saw this terrible object suddenly appear over the hoarding. "It must be a man-eating land-shark! Help! Assistance!"

-12-8-22-

THE "COMIC CUTS" COLONY NIGS HAVE A LIVELY BEANO AT THE SEASIDE.

The COMIC CUTS Colony Nigs had a high old time down at Banana Bay on Bank Holiday, and that's a fact! The famous seaside resort was simply crowded, and everybody was having a lovely time bathing and boating when the tiger family looked in to hear the band and pick up a nig or two for lunch. Their sudden appearance so startled the sea-end of the pier that the elephants let go, causing the bridge to fly up and shoot the promenaders into Wonga Wongaland, thus saving them their return fare home. Most of the other visitors caught the first boat home after that. Still, they thoroughly enjoyed the fun while it lasted.

THE MIRTHMAKERS OF MULBERRY FLATS HAVE A PROPER DAY OUT.



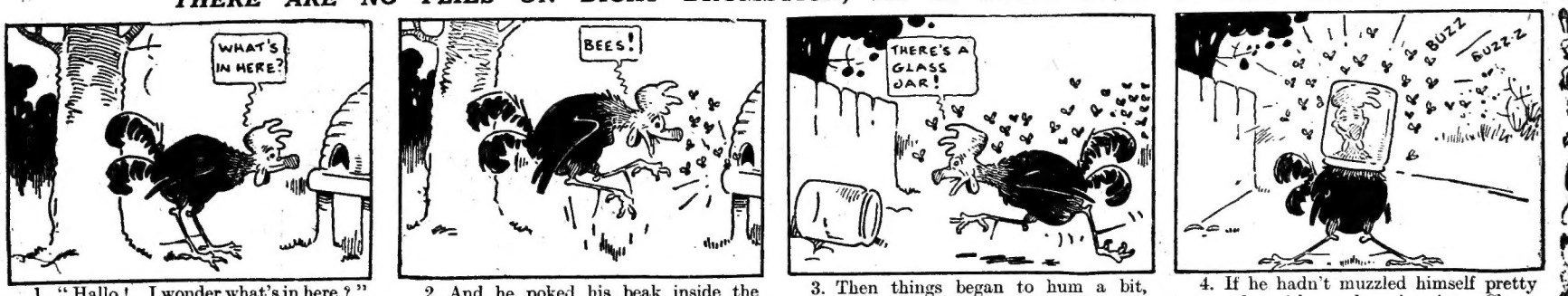
1. Our merry mirthmakers of Mulberry Flats set out on a walking tour last Monday with the idea of inspecting the beauty spots of old England. Well, they were legging it along a country lane in fine style when they came to an orchard. "Let's stop and pick some pippins!" purred Miss Oldmaid. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away!"

2. So Frowsy Freddie gave the order: "Right wheel!" And Oofbird obligingly brought the motor mansion to a standstill within picking distance of the prize pippins, holding a fruitful branch down with a length of rope. Then they got busy apple harvesting; so busy, in fact, that they failed to observe the arrival of old Graball, their landlord.

3. "Aha! At last I have found them all out, or half out!" hissed the old money-grabber. "I'll see that they get their deserts all right! Won't I just!" And he quietly produced his carving—we mean pocket-knife and cut the rope that held the bough down—snick! It was a soft snip for Graball, for the tree sprang up and—

4. In a flash it suddenly dawned on our picnickers that their day out was ending very un-apple-y, indeed. "Hooray! They're out at last!" chuckled the over-joyed landlord. "I've worked things a treat this time! Ha, ha!" Then he hopped inside, set the motor going, and buzzed off, leaving his tearful tenants fairly up a tree. Shame!

THERE ARE NO FLIES ON DICKY DRUMSTICK, HE IS STILL COCK O' THE WALK.



1. "Hallo! I wonder what's in here?" cackled Dicky Drumstick. "I must look into this!"

2. And he poked his beak inside the hive and discovered it was full of bees.

3. Then things began to hum a bit, and no doubt Dicky would have lost his beauty—

4. If he hadn't muzzled himself pretty promptly with a glass jam-jar. Clever caper, eh?

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